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seriously of opening a New York branch. It is doubtful, though, that English pictures will ever find a regular market in this country. The productions of the few painters, like Leighton, Millais, and Alma-Tadema, whose work is esteemed here, are sold every year before they leave the easel, and at such fabulous prices that probably no dealer in this country could make money by handling them. As for such English favorites as Edwin Long, Frederick Goodall, Val Prinsep, and John Collier, their pictures could never become popular here, no matter at what figures they might be offered.

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THE recent sale at Paris of the pictures and "objets d'art" of the late Raymond Cahuzac brought \$35,754. Amaury Duval's idyllic "Daphnis and Chloé" brought only \$101; Hippolyte Bellangé's "Départ pour la noce," an Alsatian scene, \$130; Jules Breton's "Gardeuse de dindons," \$5,023; a "Danse de Nymphes," by Corot—landscape with figures, sunset effect—\$5,600, and Delacroix's "Mort de Botzaris," \$500.

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THE artist Deschamps writes to the Paris Journal des Arts suggesting prizes to painters to be offered respectively by the principal historical, literary, and horticultural societies. The award by the Historical Society, he thinks, should be for the best picture of a subject drawn from the history of France; that the competitors for the prize to be offered by the Literary Society shall choose a subject illustrating French literature, and that the most beautiful flower-painting should take the prize of the Horticultural Society. He further proposes a "Press prize," to be awarded by "the art critics." There ought to be some fun extracted from this last suggestion.

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THE prettiest model in Paris to-day is Alice Van—, daughter of a Belgian violinist, who died when she was about fourteen, and left her to make her own living, and that of her family. She posed for Henner's "Fabiola"—reproduced in this country as a tobacconist's advertisement—"Orpheline" and "Hériodade." Another model in vogue at present is a Viennese girl named Hedwige, who has blond hair with golden reflections, and a form like an antique statue. Honorine P— is a pretty girl of seventeen, much in demand among painters because of her profile of an extreme purity of line, and of the unusually pleasing tonality of her flesh tints. Gabrielle André is the model in fashion for the Parisienne types. She knows every movement and gesture of the women of both "mondes."

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AT the recent sale in Paris of the collections of the late Jacquinot, an expert in paintings, two thousand pictures—six hundred of them framed—and a hundred and ten thousand prints brought only about \$22,000. The prints went for about \$2400—about two cents apiece. Autographs of celebrated artists brought much better prices, as follows:

Bastien Lepage, 10 fr.; Baudry, 11 fr.; H. Bellangé, 11 fr.; Van Blarenbergh, 105 fr.; Boilly, 17 fr.; de Boissieu, 72 fr.; Rosa Bonheur, 7 fr. 50; Carpeaux, 25 fr.; P. de Champagne, 100 fr.; Charlet, 16 fr.; Cochin, 40 fr.; Couture, 7 fr. 50; Coypel, 6 fr.; Daubigny, 23 fr.; Daumier, 40 fr.; David, 101 fr.; David d'Angers, 15 fr.; Decamps, 6 fr.; Delacroix, 32 fr.; Delaroche, 12 fr.; Diaz, 10 fr.; G. Doré, 6 fr.; J. Dupré, 18 fr.; Flandrin, 13 fr.; Fragonard, 160 fr.; Français, 6 fr.; Fromentin, 13 fr.; Géricault, 100 fr.; Gravelot, 73 fr.; Greuze, 60 fr.; Baron Gros, 105 fr.

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VOLLON seems satisfied, as well he may, to rest his reputation on his wonderful pictures of still-life. But what stunning things he might do outside of that somewhat limited range of subject, if he only cared to paint them, is suggested in a little view of Mentiques, a suburb of Versailles, which for months has been at Kohn's art rooms without finding a buyer. The canvas, or panel—I did not notice which it was—apparently has been painted entirely with the handle of the brush and the thumb-nail. The sketch evidently was dashed off in a hurry, and, except at a distance, is meaningless. Seen from the proper point of view, it is marvellous.

* * *

THE news that Meissonier has been stricken with paralysis in his right thumb will be received with deep regret in this country, where his name is so much honored and his work so much esteemed. It is consoling to learn that the doctors believe that the attack is only transient.

MONTEZUMA.

BUREAU OF ART CRITICISM AND INFORMATION.

THE Art Amateur has decided, in response to urgent demands from many subscribers, to establish a department where drawings, paintings, and other works of art will be received for criticism. A moderate fee will be charged, for which a personal letter—not a circular—will be sent, answering questions in detail; giving criticism, instruction, or advice, as may be required, in regard to the special subject in hand.

It is the intention of The Art Amateur to make this department a trustworthy bureau of expert criticism, and so supply a long-felt want, as there is now no one place in this country where disinterested expert opinion can be had on all subjects pertaining to art.

Amateurs and artists' work will be received for criticism, from the simplest sketches or designs up to finished paintings in oil, water-colors, and pastel. Old and new paintings and objects of art of all kinds will be not only criticised, but classified and valued, if desired, at current market prices.

SCALE OF CHARGES:

Price for criticism of single drawings.....	\$3.00
For each additional one in the same lot.....	1.00
Price for criticism of single painting (either oil or water-colors).....	4.00
Each additional painting in the same lot.....	1.00

N. B.—No more than six paintings are to be sent at one time. All risks must be assumed and all transportation charges must be paid by the senders.

Drawings and unmounted paintings may be sent by mail, rolled on a cylinder.

All fees must be paid in advance.

More complete details as to the fees for opinions regarding old and modern paintings and other objects of art will be given upon application to the editor of The Art Amateur. In writing a stamp should be enclosed.

ART IN BOSTON.

AN exhibition of a score of large water-color landscapes of the elegant but rather formal old English school forms the touching memorial of the late Mr. T. F. Wainwright, an English painter of position in London, who, two or three years ago, drifted to Boston too late in life for such a change, and died here last summer. There is everything in these pictures demanded by the canons of art as laid down by the English preachers and practitioners—balance of composition, grace of line, pleasantness of subject, correctness of drawing, and depth of aerial perspective. There are also sweetness of color, though this color be largely conventional, and tenderness of sentiment—a delicate, unobtrusive pastoral poetry. But the groups of cattle are often alike, and so admirably composed with the picture that they betray the recipe; and there is always one cow making a symmetrical pyramid of its group, with a head and neck curved and stretched forth in a certain manner. Yet one cannot but regard this faithful, self-respecting art with admiration and respect, not unmixed with tenderness. One is not sorry to turn from the smart and flippant contemporary portrayals of back yards and cabbage gardens to the grandiose landscapes of wide English plains and bold sea-coasts of exalted intrinsic beauty, especially when, as in the case of Mr. Wainwright's drawing, the accuracy of line is blended sweetly with the air and light in the picture.

What is less easily accepted is the color of this fine old English school. How differently the modern French landscape school sees the color of England is shown in striking contrast in the exhibition, held almost side by side with that of the Wainwright water-colors, of the pastels of J. Appleton Brown. This New England pupil of the Ville d'Avray Frenchmen has spent a summer in Old England, and here we have a series of sweet nooks and corners of fat fields, of mill-ponds, and of wooded paths. Where the old English painter has given us a prismatic coloring, with prevalent yellow and high notes of violet, the young American has seen nothing but green—at least, nothing prevalent and dominant but green. His green is of all varying degrees of key, and of such delicate suggestiveness and truth that it tells at once what time of the season is represented, from that of earliest spring to that of rich midsummer. Nothing could be more exquisite than a light-green picture, with white lambs in the grass, and the white mist of blossoms enveloping the trees. Nothing could be more luxuriant than a dark green bit of lawn under old trees, with an easy-chair inviting to rest and coolness in the

heavy shade. Yet Brown revels in color through the whole prism when he comes to autumn foliage and fields or twilight effects. In two pictures of the wild island garden of Celia Thaxter, the poet, he introduces tall hollyhocks and other blossoming flowers in a perfect riot of tangled gayety of color against a light-blue sea and sky. Yet all his pictures are delicately harmonized as to both color and composition in a certain sweet, disorder-concealing art, a studied negligence of rule and prescription that piques, and fascinates, and charms.

Not so with the green things of Mr. Edward C. Cabot, which are also being exhibited just now in still another gallery. There is a crudeness about his cold green that makes one long even for the parchment tones of the mellow old English pictures. Very little grace or sweetness of composition either mingles with his delineations of New England scenery. Prosaic literalness and coarse detail are so little tempered with skill in gradating the "values" that the effect is often simply confusing as well as ungracious. Appleton Brown is only *apparently* indifferent to choice of subject and execution; Mr. Cabot, in his sixty odd pictures, seems very rarely to have known how to select his point of view or to carry his work to pleasing effect. While Mr. Brown's carefully unconventional style always interests and delights, Mr. Cabot's slap-dash simply leaves the impression of misdirected energy.

That cleverest of our impressionist water-colorists, Mr. Boit, whose marvellous pictures of Paris streets, with their myriads of moving figures—notably that one in which the Arc de Triomphe forms the centre—are well known, is at work upon some similar studies of Boston vistas. One of these was exhibited last year, showing the Public Garden and Common in their winter aspect, with every branch and twig, as it seemed, delineated in quick stabs and magical touches, and the gilded dome of the State House in the distance. At present he is studying the Common and State House from the opposite side, with a crowded, bustling street for foreground, and the gilt, balloon-like dome at nearer view. If he succeeds in giving the mass of this fine, characteristic object, so dear to Bostonians, as well as he did with the mass of the Arc de Triomphe, he will have achieved a picture that will be very precious to all worshippers of the "Hub."

Mr. W. L. Picknell, who belongs as much nowadays to London as to Boston, is back in town from Gloucester and Annisquam with his summer's work, which he is about to exhibit before taking it to England. His most important picture is a wide sketch of the gloomy, low-lying scenery of Cape Ann, rich in sombre coloring and in rugged truth to melancholy facts. The sky is a wonder of spaciousness and power—painted, after weeks of waiting for just the right gray day, in a few hours, the painter working by main strength, while assistants squeezed his white tubes for him. It is a dense yet moving mass of cloud, such as comes up on an east wind, and gives the diffused light under which the great landscape was painted. Others of the four or five canvases which constitute the season's work are more lively and pleasing, especially one showing the white houses of the region set in the green and rocky pastures bordering the little salt creek called the Annisquam River, and one picturing a fisherman in brown overalls sculling his boat in the transparent sea water, a marvel of minute realism in painting.

Another Boston artist who never comes home from London is Mr. Aubrey Hunt, son of a manufacturer of fireworks and inventor of a life-saving-service gun. Young Hunt began his studies with an architect in Boston, but soon transferred them to Paris, and there, in the course of four years, developed into an artist. The latest received Saturday Review devotes a half column to his collection of thirty or forty pictures at the Goupil Galleries, commanding them as "showing other resources of the art of oil painting than those which have been relied upon habitually by English artists. . . . The kind of view of nature which he takes is especially suitable for treatment in a sketch, and Mr. Aubrey Hunt shows how, by elegance, quickness, and consistency, handling may be made to give to a sketch all the completeness and art necessary to a little picture. . . . Mr. Hunt's canvases illustrate the modern growth of the sketch-picture, and that he neither strives after an exquisite preciousness of elaboration nor falls into the unkempt and unintentional ruggedness of the sketch." Evidently Mr. Hunt is "de son temps" and a worthy colleague of the brilliant younger Americans. Unhappily he is not expected to return to Boston. GRETA.